शिवचामरस्तुतिः

shivachAmarastuti

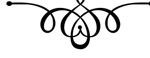
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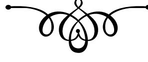
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ॐ व्याप्तचराऽचर भाव विशेषं, चिन्मयमेकमऽनन्तमनादिम् ।
भैरवनाथमऽनाथ शरण्यं, त्वन्मयचित्त तया हृदि वन्दे ॥ १॥

Great God, prevading all existing things that move about or do not seem to move, pure spirit, one, eternal, infinite, Thou refuge of all waifs, Thou awful one, With my mind filled with Thee, I worship Thee within the sanctum of my loving heart.

त्वन्मयमेतदऽशेषमिदानी, माति मम त्वदऽनुग्रहशक्त्या ।
त्वं च महेश! सदैव ममाऽत्मा, स्वाऽऽत्ममय मम तेन समस्तम् ॥ २॥

Today by grace of Thee the universe appears to me Thy self; and Thou art my AtmA , ergo, all this is myself.

स्वात्मऽनि विश्वगते त्वयि नाथे तेत न संसृतिभीतेः कथाऽस्ति ।
सत्स्वपि दुर्धरदुःखविमोह, त्रासविधायिषु कर्मगणेषु ॥ ३॥

The world thus being filled with Thee, and Thou my self, I fear not in the least the wheel. Or births and deaths- although past Karma heaped bring gnawing pains and fears, and fainting fits.

अन्तक! मा प्रति मा दृशमेना, क्रोधकरालतमां विदधीहि ।
शङ्कर सेवनचिन्तनधीरो भीषण भैरवशक्तिमयोऽस्मि ॥ ४॥

Cast not at me that dreadful angry look, O Death, - for, thinking of and serving Shiva, I am strong and weild dread Bhairav’s mighty power.

इत्थमुपोढ भवन्मय संविद्दीधितिदारित भूरितमिस्रः ।
मृत्युयमान्तककर्मपिशाचे, नाथ! नमोऽस्तु न नातु विभेमि ॥ ५॥

The veil of darkness being torn away by sun-rays of God-consciousness, which now is mine, the petty bogies- Karma,

death, ‘Controller’, ‘Ender’- cannot frighten me.

प्रोदित सत्यविबोधमरीचि, प्रेक्षित विश्व पदार्थसतत्त्वः ।
भावपरामृतनिर्भरपूर्णे त्वय्यऽहमाऽऽत्मनि निवृतिमेमि ॥ ६॥

The light of knowledge of the Truth has dawned; the Being in all things is well discerned, I find true peace in Thee, my highest Self, who brimmest over with amrit of Love’s joy.

मानस गोचरमेति यदैव क्लेशदशाऽतनुताप विधात्री ।
नाथ! तदैव मम त्वदऽभेद स्तोत्रपराऽमृतवृष्टिरुदेति ॥ ७॥

No sooner does distress invade my heart and there cause scorching, burning fevers, pains, than hymns of oneness with Thyself of me cause amrit-pouring clouds, to rain on it.

शङ्कर! सत्यमिद व्रतदान, स्नान तपो भवतापविनाशि ।
तावकशास्त्रपराऽमृतचिन्ता सिन्धति चेतसि निवृतिधाराः ॥ ८॥

Great vows, rich gifts, austerities and baths in holy streams, no doubt, annul the pain, the fever, of rebirths; but merest thought of thy great Shastras nectar-sweet, will pour a steady stream of bliss upon the mind.

नृत्यति गायति हृष्यति गाढं, संविदियं मम भैरवनाथः ।
त्वां प्रियमाऽप्य सुदर्शनमेकं, दुर्लभमऽन्यजनैः सम यज्ञम् ॥ ९॥

Great Shiva, my soul rejoices, dances, sings when she finds Thee, her Love-the one, the Good whom few non-Shaivas ever find with ease, who knows His own good time (to grant His grace).

वसुरस पौषे कृष्णदशम्यामऽभिनवगुप्तः स्तवमिदमकरोत् ।
येन विभूर्भवमरुसन्तापं शमयति झटिति जनस्य दयालु ॥ १०॥

It was the tenth of pauSha’s (month) dark fortnight, when Abhinav composed this hymn, which, if recited by a pious man, moves Shiva, the merciful, to nullify, The ‘heat’ of this world’s desert in a trice.

Translated by Masterji Zinda Kaul

Encoded and proofread by Nat Natarajan nat.natarajan gmail.com, NA

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